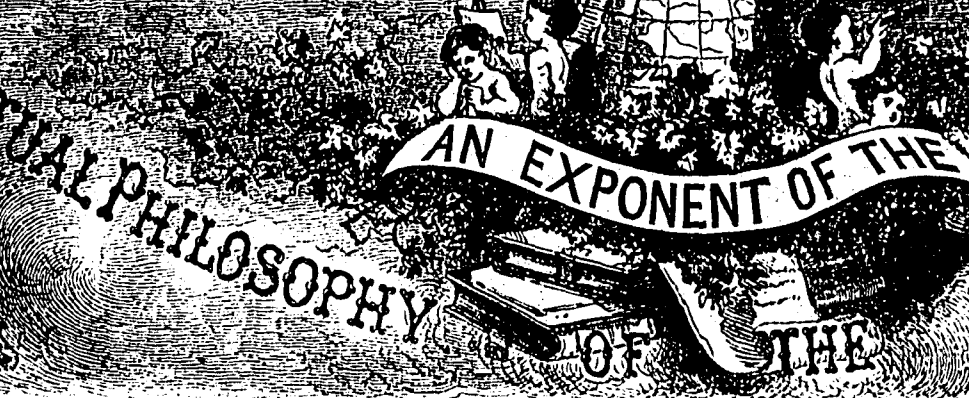


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### STARVING BY INCHES.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Saturday there was slight-seeing. Public buildings, public gardens—which Susan said must be meant for the garden of Eden—one or two schools, wharves and stores made up the rounds of the day. Susan said "she'd had the beautifullest time that ever was, but so much travelling over them hard bricks made her feet ache." So she sat down early on Saturday evening to rest, "and git her mind kind o' settled for Sunday." The little Edna nestled in her lap, with Kyle in her arms.

"Aunt Susan, I love you dearly; I do n't want you to go away; can't I never see you again? Oh, yes; I shall see you when we go in to the other world, shan't I?" said the child.

"How do you know anything about the other world?" asked Susan.

"Oh, my mother tells me all about it," answered the child; "she says if the dear God takes her first, she'll get a nice home all ready for me, and then she'll come back and be with me and papa all the time."

"Your mother says she'll come back, child? Why, I never heard sitch talk. I thought we'd got to lay in our graves till the resurrection!"

"The what! Aunt Susan? I never heard my mother say that word."

"I do n't know as I ought to—no matter, child; tell me what your mother says. Your mother's an angel, and so are you; and what she says must be right. I'm a poor, ignorant body, and do n't know much, anyhow."

"But I love you, Aunt Susan, and if I go to heaven first, I'll come back, out to your house, too. Mother says we can go to ever so many places when we get out of our bodies. But I do n't want to go yet and leave my dear, darling mother. Why, Aunt Susan, when I'm out to play mother's real lonesome, she misses me so much; she says so."

Susan held the child close in her arms, but made no reply. She did not know how to talk to such a child, and she thought if she had a chance she would ask Mrs. Morton what the little one meant by coming back. She sat thinking, and rocking, and unconsciously humming an old psalm tune, which Edna soon caught.

"Can't you sing somethin', little darlin'?" she asked of the child. And the little one warbled out, in her childish voice, the sweet child-song beginning with—

"A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
Sowing as long as her eyes could see;  
Then she folded her work and went to bed,  
And said, 'Dear work, good night—good night!'"

Such a number of rocks flew over her head,  
O'ring 'caw!—caw!' on their way to bed,  
She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
'Little black things, good night—good night!'"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
The sheep's bleat! bleat! came over the road;  
All seeming to say, with quiet delight,  
'Good little girl, good night—good night!'"

The tall, pink foxglove bowed his head,  
The violet court'ed and went to bed,  
And good little Kyle tied up her hair,  
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

She did not say to the sun good night,  
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;  
For she knew he had God's work to keep,  
All over the world, and never could sleep.

And when on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day,  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
'Good morning—good morning! your work is begun!'"

Susan thanked her for singing. Indeed, she had never heard a child sing so charmingly before. The little one grew tired and sleepy, and her mother came and took her in her arms and carried her off to the nursery, for it was bed-time. "Good night, dear mother! bless dear mother!" was always the benediction she gave to the mother she loved so well, and "Good night, dear daughter!—bless dear daughter!" was the benediction the mother always gave the child she loved so dearly.

On Sunday Susan and her father were to go to church to hear music "and a sermon." Susan looked round and thought the people had on their theatre clothes, and the Squire thought the church was almost like the theatre. Such a church they had no conception of, and when at length the organ pealed forth in low, deep tones, gradually rising higher and fuller, until it burst into its loudest chords, they held their very breath. It seemed as if they must be in heaven; and as the tones softened again, sweet, solemn and tremulous, they felt that they could bow their faces and worship without a spoken prayer. The congregation was large, the minister stately, the sermon elaborate. Susan told the Mortons she could not remember a word of it. "She just wished them folks could hear John Collins, jest once." But that Sunday John Collins was preaching in another town, whither he had been invited some time before.

It had been announced in the evening papers that on Sunday afternoon a lady would preach in one of the liberal churches. Thither the Judge invited his friends. They must go early, as it was a novel sight—a woman in a pulpit—and would draw a crowded house. Accordingly they were there in time. To their eyes the church and congregation were richly adorned, and the choir—a fine quartette—sang divinely. The preacher was already in the pulpit, and, to their surprise, she read from the Bible, and gave out the hymns, and made the prayer with an ease, and grace, and an unconsciousness that showed her thoughts to be far from the impression she should make upon her audience. She gave a free, practical discourse, which the friends admired and remembered long afterwards. Monday morning came, and they were to part from the Mortons. These

friends were mutually attracted, which attraction was based upon the sterling qualities they each possessed. They had seen Mrs. Atherton, who thankfully accepted their offer of living in the country, feeling that she should be able to take care of herself when once she regained her health. So it was settled that, as soon as Susan could get the house in readiness she should come out and take up her abode, and her boys could be very useful among the farmers. Susan had gifts for all the family. The Mortons were to come out to the dedication of the new hall, which was near its completion. John Collins had resolved, with the advice of the Squire, to invite Edith Rollins to preach in his pulpit half a day, and she was to come with the Mortons. Edith Rollins, so young, so fair, so spirituelle! It seemed, if she had chosen the path of public life from her desire to minister to others, the pulpit was her fitting place. The partings were gone through, the old Squire had many a hand-shake, and the little Edna many a caress, as they stepped into the carriage. But they were soon to meet again, and that was a happy thought to all.

### CHAPTER X.

Two days after the old stage lumbered up to the door, and John Collins sprang out and gave a hand to Squire Graves and his daughter. Anna Jones, Becky and Leander were all waiting at the door, for they had heard the sound of wheels, and knew it must be the stage. Susan clasped Becky in her arms, kissed Anna and shook hands with Leander, while the Squire was shaking hands all around.

"Come! come right in quick and git ye're things off and have somethin' to eat. I knowed ye'd be here, and the supper's pipin' hot," said good old Becky.

"Where's Jane? where's my little gal?" asked the Squire.

Becky flung her apron over her face and sobbed aloud.

"Jane aint sick nor dead, is she, Becky?" inquired Susan.

Anna Jones had knelt upon the floor, her face hidden in her hands.

"Becky," exclaimed John Collins and Mrs. Jones in the same breath, "tell us what has happened! Tell us quickly where Jane is!"

The old woman pulled her apron off her face. "Miss Jones, I do n't know. Jane went to bed Wednesday night, and nobody's seen her sense! The Doc' have merely on-na!" and she groaned aloud.

"It must be that Dobbs," said John Collins. "I'll go at once to Mr. Holt and see if he can tell me anything of his movements." And the minister hurried off, muttering anathemas as he went; for he was a man as well as minister—a young man full of warm blood, and he so hated wrong. He soon returned. Mr. Holt said Mr. Dobbs had left with his luggage, on Wednesday, for New York, where he said he belonged.

The supper was untasted. The family sat all through the night by the fire-light, thinking and mourning and talking of Jane. They knew not Mr. Dobbs's address, or John Collins would have gone to the next town and despatched a telegram.

There was no alternative but to wait, and they did wait with heavy hearts. They would not hear of Mrs. Jones's leaving them, and the gentle woman remained by them in this their dark hour. Anna was obliged to attend to her school, but she walked with slow steps, for her friends' trouble made her exceedingly sorrowful.

Some days after, when the stage stopped at the tavern, the driver opened his bag and handed Mr. Holt a letter, directed to "Squire Graves, Ashley, N. H." Mr. Holt saw that it was postmarked New York, and went over with it immediately. The family were all assembled, and they summoned John Collins to open and read it for them, for their hearts told them it bore tidings of Jane. It was from Jane, with her certificate of marriage enclosed. The Squire dropped on his knees and thanked God it was no worse. She gave no address. She simply stated her marriage, and that Mr. Dobbs was not so rich as she thought him, but he was kind to her, and she hoped they would forgive her; and no more.

It was weeks before Susan had the heart to speak of her visit to Bamford, and the little gifts were laid away all unopened. They had heard from the Mortons once, but had made no reply. But John Collins kept up his correspondence with the Judge, and had acquainted them with their deep trouble. They had delicately offered to postpone their visit, and Susan said, "if they would n't think them ungrateful she had rather not see anybody jest then." So they were not to come to the dedication—not to come until spring.

The hall was finished and had been occupied a number of times. The young men were energetic and enterprising. Arthur Voss was their acknowledged leader. They held meetings, debates, and occasionally a lecture. They discussed all subjects. John Collins worked with them with all his will. He had written to Edith Rollins, asking her to come to them at some future time, as he wished his friends to recover somewhat from their deep grief before this great step should be taken. It was an innovation, and he wanted the cooperation of these dear friends.

The winter wore away, and Susan Graves went about her work like a changed woman. "If Jane would marry that Dobbs she wished she'd let him come to the house; she was sure she did n't want to stand in Jane's light, but Dobbs was n't half good enough for her."

In the meantime Mrs. Atherton had removed to Ashley. The Squire had sent Becky and Leander to put all things in order. Leander had chopped and piled the winter's wood; there was a bright fire, a clean hearth, a boiling kettle and bountiful table, when the old stage once more lumbered up the road with the Athertons. Susan had anticipated much pleasure in arranging the little house, but now all was changed, and even her health began to yield. The Squire grew anx-

ious. He asked John Collins to write for Dr. Braune and Lydia Saunders to come out and see Susan; she grew so weary and listless, so wholly unlike herself. They came as consulting physicians, and were startled at the frightful change. Here was a constitution which should last many years. There was no physical disease; the will-power was broken; there had been a sudden and fearful mental blow. She might rally, and she might succumb to the force of that blow, for Susan Graves, although not very demonstrative, lived much in the affections. Susan was glad to see them, and wished them to stay longer, but they both had many patients who needed their care, and could not remain longer than two or three days. While they did remain they visited the Athertons, Mrs. Jones, and spoke at a lyceum meeting which Susan urged Leander and Becky to attend.

The spring months opened, and Susan Graves was dying. She had lost flesh and strength, and had become sad and silent. All day long she would sit with her hands languidly folded in her lap, gazing out the west window, which looked down the road. She had no wish, no will, no care for anything. She was dying of a broken heart. Her father came in often through the day to ask her "if there warn't nothin' he could git for her," but she only shook her head.

It was a cold, driving storm of rain and wind the first day of March, a cold easterly storm which had been raging for three days, and chilled one through to the bone. It was near five in the afternoon, and the darkness was settling down early. People were hurrying through the streets to escape the driving sleet which sharply stung their faces. Blessed were they who, in that great city, on a night like this, had homes, warm, comfortable homes! Did they think of the unsheltered? It was plain that none were out save those who were obliged to be—men, boys and women returning from their work. One woman might be seen going off from the main streets, in the direction of the wharves. What could take her there at that time, and in such a storm? Possibly she was going to look up her drunken husband.

She walked slowly, for the wind blew her back at every step, and one could see she was neither large or strong. Her face you could not see; people were too eager to escape the storm to scan people's faces on that night. She walked on and on until she reached the wharves, not, however, unnoticed. A comfortably clad sailor, in navy costume, had left his ship to go up into the city, and had passed her on the wharf. The sight of a woman, alone in such a place, in such a storm, touched his manliness, and he had stopped one side to watch her movements, and, if need be, to aid. He saw her go to the farthest end of the wharf; he saw her assume a kneeling posture for a few moments, then rise and stand motionless. He had walked quite up to her, but she had not seen him. Her face was turned to the water. He reached out his hand and softly grasped her garments, but she knew it not, so absorbed was she in her woe, but at last she gave a spring; he firmly held her back. She turned and shrieked, and fell insensible. The sailor raised her in his arms, crossed the wharf, gave one leap over the side of his ship, and carried her into a cabin. Then he knocked at the Captain's state room, and touching his hat, as the Captain opened the door, related the scene he had witnessed.

The Captain's wife was with him, and she immediately went with Jack Noble to the cabin, where lay the drenched and still insensible woman. Mrs. James, the Captain's wife, asked Jack to go to the steward and get hot wipos and blankets without a moment's delay, and the surgeon was called immediately. She tenderly unrobed the stranger, placing her own warm, dry clothing upon her; and then had Jack carry her to her own state room. Except for the beating of the heart, there was no sign of life. The hot wine was forced between her blue, chilled lips, and then she began to breathe stronger; soon her cheeks were burning with the crimson of fever, and she raved all night in wild delirium. She wanted to go home, she had n't seen her father since she kissed him good by. Why did n't Susan come? Why did Susan let him strike her? Alfred was good, she had given him all the money she got for her work, surely he would n't go away and leave her now. Had n't her father forgiven her? Would n't Susan ever speak to her again? Why did n't they answer her letters? Alfred had put them in the post-office. And this was the way she raved for days.

They gathered enough of her story to know her husband's name was Alfred Dobbs, and Jack Noble ransacked the city of New York to find him. He thought if this poor girl had worked and earned money, he must be a wretch to take it from her and strike her. He searched for him in bar-rooms, in gambling saloons, in the lowest haunts of the city, and at length he found a bar-room which he frequented. He had not been seen for two days, and they directed him to his miserable abode. In an alley, packed with sulkily-looking men, latterly women, and ragged, neglected children, and half-starved cats, he found their wretched apartment. Up dirty, broken, rickety stairs he made his way, and knocked loudly on the door. There was no answer, but other doors opened at the sound, and frowny-headed women looked out at him.

"Who lives in this room?" asked the sailor. "Miss Dobbs," was the brief reply. "Is anybody there?" called Jack. "Dunno; sometimes there's a awful screams in there. Guess he beats her. Heered him go in yesterday mornin'; guess he was drunk. He drinks awful!"

Jack waited to hear no more. He put his foot against the door and shivered the lock. Lying upon the floor was Alfred Dobbs—dead. The neighbors said "he drank dreadfully, and sometimes he'd look his wife out of the room when he was drunk." Jack Noble looked round the pov-

erty-stricken room, and no longer wondered the girl was driven to the very verge of despair and death. He did not touch the body, but went out for a coroner. The inquest was quickly rendered, and the man soon buried out of sight. Jack saw some boards turned to the wall, and just gave them a kick in passing, when one of them arrested his attention. He saw it was a painting. He looked long at it, and telling the neighbors they were welcome to the things, went away, carrying the painting with him.

Mrs. James and Jack Noble nursed Mrs. Dobbs most tenderly all through her long illness. It was the first sickness she ever had, but by-and-by she began to gain strength, and begged piteously to go home. By the last of May Mrs. James thought she might venture to travel, and as Jack had leave of absence for the next three months he was going as escort. Jane knew not how she should be received, and would not think of it. Her only desire was to get home. Slowly they journeyed on, and one pleasant morning in June an easy traveling carriage was seen to drive toward Squire Graves's door. The Squire threw down his hoe and went to see who it could be. Susan sat at the window, her eyes mechanically fixed upon the road. She was far more weak and feeble. Her life was fast going out. As the stranger drove the carriage close to the door the Squire stepped up. "Father!" and Jane sprang into his arms. Susan just turned her head. Her lips quivered, her face flushed. "It's our Jane!" and she fell back in her chair. Jane flew to Susan. She put her arms round her, she covered her face with kisses, she knelt and clung to her knees, and begged her to speak, begged her not to die, for she had come home—she, Jane, her sister, that had been so wicked to her."

"Father, you say you'll forgive me; for I've killed Susan," and the almost heart-broken girl flung herself down on her knees before the old man. He raised her in his arms, with: "God be thanked! my little gal's come back!" and kissed her.

Poor old Becky was standing in tears over Susan, trying to bring her back to life; for it was a deep fainting fit, and Susan had so little strength her father feared she might never waken. Presently she opened her eyes, and lifting her hands feebly, tried to put her arms round Jane.

Jane clasped her in her arms, kissed her, smoothed her hair, patted her face, talked to her, and in an hour's time Susan began to look around. No; she would not die. This galvanic shock had electrified her whole frame. Now she would live. And from that hour Susan began to recover. So, many a one in life is slowly dying from the sheer needs of heart and soul!

John Collins had heard the arrival, but had quietly slipped out to take one of his long walks, for he knew it was a joy in which the stranger should intermeddle not. Jane ran out to the woodshed to shake hands with Leander; then she bethought herself of her friend, Jack Noble. She found him walking round the garden, and introduced him to her family. He was cordially greeted by them all, and invited to stay as long as he liked.

When John Collins came in he greeted Jane kindly, and noted instantly the improvement in Susan. And only to John Collins did the sailor recount Jane's near destruction.

Leander was sent for Mrs. Jones and Anna to come to tea, that afternoon, for no happiness was complete without these friends. From that day Susan rapidly improved, and in a few weeks was again round the house, the same cheery Susan.

But not until Susan was fully restored would Jane relate to the family the story of her married life. How, at first, Mr. Dobbs seemed fond of her; then how he wanted her to write to her father for money, which she did not like to do.

"And why did n't ye, child? I'm sure ye should ha' had the whole afore ye should ha' wanted for nothin'," her father would say. "How he could get no employment; then he pawned her clothing; then she asked a kind-hearted Irish woman, in the next room, where she could get sewing, and the woman went with her to get it, and Alfred would take her money and spend it for drink, then had locked her out in the storm, and she, nearly crazed by grief, wandered off and thought she would drown herself. The old man was deeply moved, and at the end, he said:

"Well, little gal, it's all over now, and do n't think on't. Ye'll never have to be knocked round no more. God help other folks' gals that gits knocked round!"

It was not until Susan and Jane both were fully recovered, that Jack Noble, placing his hand upon the old man's shoulder, said:

"Father, do you remember the little boy that would n't work on the farm, and ran away twenty years ago, when he was only ten years old?"

The Squire took off his spectacles and looked up into the face of the square-built, bronzed-faced sailor. He looked long and steadily, and the sailor baring his arm, showed a deep seam across the fleshy part. In his boyhood he had cut a fearful gash across his arm, and the scar would never be effaced. The old man grasped both his hands:

"This, my son, that was dead and is alive again, was lost and now is found. Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, drink, and be merry!"

Susan and Becky looked long in his face, and at length began to discern the features of the boy. They were nearly beside themselves with joy. Susan recovered from death's door, the beloved son and daughter both restored! And they did kill the fatted calf, but not that day. The Mortons were coming the next week to make them a visit, for the summer was now in its glory. And they were going to have a grand dinner-party—yes; a dinner-party every day.

Jack Graves, for his name was John, had much to tell of perils by sea and by land; but he had finally joined the navy, had been promoted, and was now first lieutenant. His ship would be or-

dered off in three months, and he meant to make the most of his time. He was sorry the girls had not been better educated, but there was time enough for Jane now. Then he produced the painting which he had found in Jane's poor room, when, as he said, that rascal lay dead on the floor, if he had not been dead, he would have kicked his miserable life out of him; but he did not say this to Jane. None of her family ever alluded to her husband. But when he saw the picture of his old home, he knew indeed that Jane was his sister.

### CHAPTER XI.

The Mortons were come—come in the old stage, the Judge and his wife, Alice, and the little Edna with all her pets. Edith Rollins was to come to them the second week. She was to preach in Ashley. It was Wednesday. The washing and ironing were done, the fatted calf was killed, and all was ready. The Squire presented his son, of whom he might well be proud. All was sunshine, merriment and gladness.

The Squire, Leander, even Becky, were dressed for the occasion. When should we wear our best clothes if not for those who are dearest? The little Edna was sitting here and there, all over the house, in doors and out, and her pets flying after her. Susan would catch her up and kiss her fifty times in a day. Mrs. Morton enjoyed the change highly. She made herself one of them—into the kitchen, into the dairy, all over the house this lady swept, helping and working with them, making little pats of butter with her white hands, and straining pans of milk, and skimming pans of cream. The Judge walked round the farm with the Squire, tried his hand at hoeing, at mowing, at driving cattle; while the darling Edna was everybody's sunbeam. The great brown sailor would lie down and let her pile mounds of hay over him, as high as she could reach, then he would suddenly spring out of it, scattering the hay in all directions, and run after her and catching her up, set her upon the back of a cow or horse, or one of the oxen, whichever was nearest. And the child had no fear; she knew Uncle Jack would take care of her. John Collins gave up study while the friends were there, and it was vacation time for all. Anna Jones had closed her school-room through the hottest of the weather, and she and the other two girls, Alice and Jane, lived out of doors, walking, riding, boatizing, and sometimes sailing on the lake, with the sailor brother, about a mile from the house.

When Sunday came, John Collins preached all day, and at the close of the afternoon service gave the notice of the sewing-circle. But Susan Graves had done with sewing-circles for the heathen, for she well knew, especially since her sister's unfortunate experience, that there were others, nearer home, who should claim her good works. They all looked after Mrs. Atherton. Susan never let a week pass without seeing her, and sending her a generous baking from her big oven. The boys might come and get all the vegetables and butter they wanted. "She'd had an easy time all her life. Why should n't Miss Atherton live easy now she was sick?"

The boys were gentle and conscientious. They went over to the Squire's every morning and night and helped milk, helped drive the cattle to pasture, helped hoe potatoes and corn, chop wood, and anything they could turn their hand to. In winter they were all to go to school. Anna wanted to be a farmer, and his mother knew a farmer should be educated. John wanted to study, to go to college, to be a minister; while George wanted to be a sailor. He was twelve years old—the eldest—and John Graves had told Mrs. Atherton he would look after him if she would consent, and take him on board his ship, the "Sunflower." Thus were a whole family comfortably provided for, with a prospect of long years of usefulness in which they could provide for themselves and others, by the giving of a little house and a little land the owner could not use, but could abundantly spare. Will others not do likewise?

Mrs. Morton had met with a little orphan girl, about fourteen years old, who seemed to have no one to look after her. The child had been well brought up, but her parents had died suddenly, leaving her without relatives, and she was alone. She could not attend to her mother's place in caring for her, she would willingly clothe her as well as she clothed her own. Mrs. Atherton was pleased with the proposal, for the child would be company for her, and could attend the village school; and John Graves volunteered to return with them and conduct the little girl safely there. Mrs. Morton wished to educate her thoroughly and she knew that in Ashley she could do it better than elsewhere. So the child was to come to Ashley to be a daughter to Mrs. Atherton, and she was to be as a mother in return.

Becky and Leander were charmed with the new guests, for as Becky said, "they warn't a bit stuck up, ef he was a Judge; and Miss Alice was a plecter. She guessed they knowed some o' the grand folks; they knowed doctors, and judges, and ministers, and a lieutenant, and then there was another minister comin'—a woman. She guessed Squire Graves's folks was as good as any in the land. And then sailor Jack—to be sure he was a torment—but he was a rare smart chap, anyway." And as Becky finished speaking, the "torment" stole behind her and putting an arm round her, whisked her away, with her hands deep in the dough, out on the grass, and made her waltz round until she sent him off with his whiskers covered with the staff of life, in its raw state. Little Edna lay on the grass and laughed till the tears rolled down her face to see Uncle Jack waltzing with Aunt Becky. After the "torment" had cleaned his whiskers, he snatched up the child, and climbed with her into a large tree, holding her in his lap and telling her wonderful stories about his sea friends, Neptune, Triton, and other mythological beings.

On Saturday John Collins was to ride over to



the next town to bring Edith Collins to Ashley. It was a beautiful ride in the cool of the morning, and as Edith was not strong, it was all the more refreshing to her. She was met at the door by the whole party, who welcomed her cordially. Edith and Alice were close friends, although their experience had been widely different. Edith's life had been fair and pleasant, but she had an intense sympathy for all forms of suffering. She was to preach but half the day, for she was far from well. John Collins was very tender of Edith, for she was his own affianced wife. The sympathy between them was perfect. They belonged to each other, here and hereafter. With the Mortons she was like an own dear child. Her father was dead, her mother a widow in easy circumstances, who offered no opposition when Edith avowed her determination to work for humanity. She knew her child, and slender as she was, she trusted strength would be given her. John Collins wished to do nothing in the way of innovations without the knowledge of his people. He did not ask their consent. So the Sunday before, he had announced that a lady would preach.

The meeting house was crowded. All, even those who had not been to hear the minister for weeks, were there. Mr. Collins preached in the morning, as usual; the congregation, except those who lived quite near, remained through the intermission. Edith did not go out in the morning, and Susan remained at home with her. In the afternoon they drove down to the meeting. Mr. Collins walked up into the pulpit, with Edith upon his arm. She drew off her gloves, removed her hat, and rose to open the service. All eyes were upon her, but she faltered not. She gave them a touching, beautiful discourse. Her text was, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." She showed them the value of conscience; that they could not be merciful or just, unless conscientious; that if they would meet with mercy from others they must cultivate it toward others; to have large charity for all, charity of opinion, charity for their failings, charity for the circumstances which they were born into, for their temptations and their yieldings, and she closed with an exhortation to cultivate all the kindly feelings that were inborn in each soul, to make each daily life a prayer, to look upon all days as Sabbath days. Her discourse, though short, had fired her, and John Collins read the hymn, when she afterward rose and gave the benediction, in the words, "May we deal mercifully, and do as we wish others to do unto us. Amen."

There were many that day who left the meeting house without uttering a word to John Collins. That evening there was to be a meeting in the new hall, at which Alice Vane was to speak. Her subject was to be temperance. The hall was well filled, and Alice's lecture a success. The young men wanted to talk with her at its close. They wished to engage her to come to them on a future occasion. She could not promise, she had so many engagements, but, giving them her address, said she would come if possible.

On Wednesday the Mortons were to return. Susan put off her washing and ironing to devote all the time to those dear friends. They had many long talks to each other, and the work-angels. The Squire wished to give all, but enough to support his family, to the cause. Since Jane's experience he had thought much of it, and he told the Judge that when money was wanted to send to him. He intended canvassing the town to see how many would set off a portion of land for one or another poor woman, and, if there were no ready built houses, they could soon put up a number of snug little cottages. Little Edna had been to see the white cow and piggy Dick, and had fed them with her own hands. Uncle Jack would go with her to Bamford, and so she would try not to cry very hard. The moment of parting came at last, and there was much hand shaking and many farewells and promises to meet again.

When Jack returned he brought with him little Mary Mansfield, who was to be as a daughter to Mrs. Atherton. She was a sweet-faced child with black hair and large, sad eyes, and proved so sweet-tempered and gentle that both Mrs. Atherton and the Squire's family loved her dearly. She was bright and intelligent, and they soon regarded her as their little treasure. Jack had also brought a large package for Susan, in which there were gifts of love for each one.

Anna Jones would close her school at the end of the term, as there was to be a master for the winter. Arthur Vose had bought him a farm, had put up a house, and told Mrs. Jones he wanted Anna to reside over it. He could support a wife, and he and Anna had long been attached to each other. Mrs. Jones knew they had loved one another from their earliest acquaintance, and she would be glad to possess a son like Arthur Vose. So, at Thanksgiving, they had a quiet wedding. John Collins performing the marriage ceremony. Susan Graves would make the wedding cake, and tiny little boxes were filled and sent to Bamford.

The first of September the lieutenant had to return to his ship, and Mrs. Atherton, trusting the young man's goodness, had allowed her dear boy to accompany him. The Squire had written to the Captain and his wife, thanking them for all their great kindness to his daughter, and urging them to come to Ashley when they should return; also commending George Atherton to their notice. The sailor bade his family adieu with a cheery voice, but they were sad at heart, for three years was a long time to be separated.

The church was fermenting. The people had split. The dissenters called a church-meeting among themselves, to see if there was not some means by which a man who never said a word in his sermons about Christ dying for sinners, or election, or depravity, or the Trinity, could be excommunicated; and the climax was a woman in the pulpit! That they could not and would not tolerate. To be sure, she looked like an angel standing there that Sabbath, but then she was a fallen one, like Eve before her! The church was going to ruin! It was already divided, and a house divided against itself cannot stand. The minister must leave. There was no alternative. That was the verdict of the church-meeting. The old sexton belonged to the dissenting party. He was ordered to keep the meeting-house closed on Sunday. John Collins received a note from Deacon Grant, informing him that he would not be expected to preach on next Sunday. He laid the document before the Squire's family. The Squire, indignant at the insult, went to the sexton and demanded the key of the meeting-house. It was given. On Sunday morning the Squire himself unlocked the house, and John Collins stood once more in the pulpit.

He could not preach, so after a prayer and hymn they discussed the state of affairs, women as well as men. It was voted on the spot to build another meeting-house. Funds were raised; they were moneyed men most of them, and those who could not give money could give their labor in building. There were eight thousand dollars subscribed that morning, and notes for two thousand more. Ashley was waking up. The next morning Squire Graves, Mr. Holt, Arthur Vose, and several other friends who favored freedom of

speech, set about selecting a site for the new meeting-house. Mr. Holt had a fine piece of land which he would give, and as he was a good carpenter he would superintend the framing of it. The young men worked, if possible, with more energy than at building the hall. They all turned out, bringing their own oxen and carts to haul the stone for the foundation, and before the next Sunday the foundation was firmly laid ready for the framing. They had employed an architect to design a commodious, handsome building, which was to be heated and lighted, with vestry room and ante-rooms.

In the meantime Mr. Holt had offered a large lot, running the whole length of his house, for them to worship in; but the young men thought that as they helped pay for and build the hall, they were entitled to use it as they saw fit. Accordingly the meetings were held at Lyceum Hall, while the new house was building. They also organized themselves into a new society, taking the name of Liberals; for the young people had outgrown the old creeds, and hated the very name of a theology which fettered freedom of speech, and the elders, who saw the fruits of the new style of preaching, were content to let doctrinal points take a long sleep; possibly the sleep which knows no awakening.

Squire Graves wrote to Judge Morton a circumstantial account of the division and its results; and the Judge made answer to persevere, to put their hands to the plow and not look back, to plow deep furrows and turn up the weeds of error, of prejudice, of false ideas, of wrong, under all shapes, under all its masks. He wrote, too, to have the gallery built for a small, suitable sized organ, and the dimensions sent to him. He would select a fine-tuned one, and wanted them to consider it as his gift, as his testimony of good will. Squire Graves, too, talked with many who had spare land, and at one of the Lyceum meetings the Squire and Susan and Mrs. Jones set forth the condition of those houseless women they had seen in their visit to Bamford, and some half dozen of those generous souls at once set off an acre or two, and would build from time to time as was needed.

The new Liberal Church would not be completed until spring. It was much to have laid the foundation before the deep snows set in. The new master had come, an educated, accomplished man, and of much musical talent. Jane Dobbs had long before been made happy by the possession of a piano—for Susan thought she could not do enough for her sister, and wanted to atone for driving her, as she said, "almost to destruction," and she had privately asked her brother to forward one. That proved Jane Dobbs's vocation—music; that called out her whole nature. She would sit for hours practicing her own compositions. Thus far she had no teacher, for though Anna Vose played well she was not skilled enough to teach. Therefore when Henry Allen came her father at once arranged with him to give Jane lessons. The Mortons were to come again in the spring to the dedication of the Liberal Church, and the darling Edna looked forward with great glee to going to Aunt Susan's.

Alice Vane was still teaching and lecturing—her home always with the Mortons. Good Dr. Brame was to come in the spring, for he wished to know better that interesting family. The winter passed rapidly. The season had proved quite mild, and the meeting-house did fair to be finished and ready for dedication by the middle of May. The new organ had been sent on, and Jane was in raptures as she ran her fingers over the keys. She was to be the organist; thus she could do her part.

The building was receiving its finishing touches, and, near by, the workmen were engaged upon another building, a parsonage, which should belong to the church, for dedication day Edith Collins was to become a wife. Ashley was no longer stagnating, for the angel of reform had stepped into the pool and troubled its dark waters.

The third week in May the Mortons were coming. Susan and Becky seemed twenty years younger. They were bustling about getting ready for their guests, and again Susan would make the wedding cake. Edith's mother could not be there, for she had gone far West. At last they came. Such clapping of hands, such laughing and crying and kissing was never seen. Dr. Brame told them they must end it, else he should have them all sick together. Again the darling Edna came like a sunbeam, as she was, and her two pets. Lydia Saunders was invited, but could not come. An old minister from a neighboring town was to assist at the dedication and perform the ceremony of marriage, after which they were all to dine at the Squire's.

Dedication day came, bright and sunny. At ten o'clock the two clergymen walked up the aisle into the pulpit; and when John Collins took his seat, he felt that the hardest battle of his life had been fought. The house was filled, for the division of the church had spread far and wide. As the two ministers entered the house, the clear tones of the organ were heard in joyful jubilee.

The services were full of interest, for all had a personal feeling in the dedication. It was dedicated in the name of justice, of humanity, to free speech and liberal opinions. And the benediction was, "May this church ever open its doors, its pulpit, to liberty of thought, and its expression thereof, to the cause of justice, the smiting of wrong, now and forevermore. Amen." At the close of the benediction, John Collins and his friend descended from the pulpit, while Judge Morton led Edith Collins forth and placed her by his side; and the old grey-headed minister joined their hands, and asking God to bless the relation, pronounced them husband and wife. There were joyful greetings all through the house. People pressed round their pastor to speak a word to his bride; and many shook their heads and thought she was not long for life. The parsonage was in readiness, but they were all to dine at the Squire's, and, after tea, Mrs. Morton and the Judge, the Squire and his family, Mrs. Jones and her children, and all the other friends, were to walk down to the parsonage with them, where they were to commence another life from a new starting point. Edith Collins did not give up her life's work with her name, but lectured and preached and talked while her life lasted.

Dr. Brame had to return to Bamford, but the rest of the party remained through the summer, dividing their time between their friends, and laying plans for future action. The dear sunbeam of a child, learning her way around the village, would suddenly dance, like a ray of light, in at Anna's door, then at Edith's, up to Mrs. Atherton's to see the white cow and piggy Dick, then back to Aunt Susan's, loved and cherished by all. Is not a child in a house a well-spring of pleasure?

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm; second, eat regularly and slowly; third, maintain regular bodily habits; fourth, take early and very light suppers; fifth, keep a clean skin; sixth, get plenty of sleep at night; seventh, keep cool of head and feet; eighth, keep out of debt; ninth, do not set your mind on things you do not need; tenth, mind your own business; eleventh, do not set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind; twelfth, subdue curiosity; thirteenth, avoid drugs.

## SPIRIT INTERVIEWS.

BY W. W. CURRIER.

Fair as a lunar bow that quietly night,  
When loveliest around her airy brow  
Twinkles, while the fairies dance in their delight,  
Art thou, art thou,  
Remote a sweet, enchanted region lies  
From this discordant world where mortals pine,  
And my glad spirit thither nightly flies  
To meet with thine.  
A magic stairway to a turret leads  
Where we look forth on Beauty's chosen home;  
Green lawns and lakelets edged with golden reeds,  
And Amber foam.  
From a rich oriel window we command  
A view more fair than ever gladdened eye,  
And brighter far than Beulah's lovely land  
To Christian dear.

Crowned with resplendent battlements and towers  
We see the hills of endless Summer rise  
From base to summit carpeted with flowers  
Of Iris light.

In pauses of our colloquy, unheard  
By mortal ears, the angelic hands,  
As if the harps of Paradise were stirred  
By countless bands.

In that weird realm two souls that throbb'd as one  
Need not betrothal ring, nor nuptial rite,  
Their bridal robes by airy tresses spun  
Of bloom and light.

How dim the Greek's Elysium, with its bowers,  
Contrasted with Love's Eden where I stroll  
With Caledonian Mary gathering flowers,  
Soul knit to soul.

—Home Journal.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ASTOUNDING MANIFESTATIONS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—It is with no ordinary emotions of pleasure that I come to you with "glad tidings of great joy," and in the language of the immortal Perry, can say, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." I am now able to communicate to you, and through you to the world at large, a statement of some of the most astonishing and wonderful manifestations that have as yet (so far as my knowledge extends) transpired on this continent since the date of our new era, commencing with the tiny raps at Hildesville.

You are already, no doubt, somewhat familiar with the name of our medium, Mrs. Harriet Thackerberry, who visited New York, recently, on an invitation from a gentleman who saw the manifestations here, and desired to present them to the New York Spiritualists. While there she was made the subject of ridicule by the press, who have ever been ready (with some few honorable exceptions) to do this dirty and degrading work. I unable to detect, in the slightest degree, anything like fraud or deception, their only recourse was to falsehood and ridicule. But this made no difference with the spirits. Their work and purpose has steadily advanced—not to a culmination, for it is impossible to say when that will be reached—but a point has already been gained that warrants the anticipation of still greater and more wonderful developments in the future. It is now only two years since the spirits succeeded in attracting attention and making themselves known through this medium, since which time the manifestations have gradually assumed a more positive and decided character, but, till quite recently, have been mostly confined to prescribing for invalids, and conversing freely and audibly with any one in the audience that desired to enter into conversation with them. They seem to take much pleasure in exhibiting their vocal powers in singing, and this constitutes one of the remarkable features connected with the manifestations. There are one male and three female spirits always in attendance. They have a great variety of songs at hand, and always seem pleased when called on to render any particular one; with the *three* or air to which it is adapted. The female voices, so far as the music is concerned, will compare with the most celebrated singers now before the public.

The presiding or controlling spirit, Benjamin Thackerberry, was the husband of the medium; was lost on Lake Ontario nine years ago last November. By dint of perseverance he succeeded in coming back and learning the laws of control. He was an unlettered, uneducated sailor, but possessing a noble and generous, and enterprising spirit. His grammar was quite defective before leaving the form—which still shows itself in conversation—but a more accommodating or generous spirit I have never met, in or out of the form. He was attracted to his wife, and first succeeded in making himself known through her. She has passed through great trials while being developed, but through the assistance of one kind friend, at least, has been able to outlive the discouraging and embarrassing influences with which she has been beset and surrounded.

It is now only a little over two weeks since the manifestations that have called out this statement were exhibited, and which took us as much by surprise as did those which preceded them. That your readers may the better understand, I will briefly state the conditions preceeding the manifestations in question. In order to give satisfactory tests to skeptics and investigators a small light frame, about 3x2½ feet square, covered with black oil cloth, forming a cabinet, is used; the door forming the front having an opening or aperture say 14x16 inches square, covered with a drop-curtain, tucked in at the top, making the inside dark, except what little light finds its way through the imperfection of the framework and covering.

When tests are to be given, the medium's mouth is filled with a wet sponge; her lips compressed together and sealed securely with several pieces—one over the other—of adhesive plaster. Her hands are then securely tied behind, when she takes a seat in the cabinet, and immediately passes into a deep trance or unconscious state. In from one to two minutes after the door is closed talking by the presiding spirit, familiarly known as "Ben," commences. He salutes each one in turn in the audience with whom he is acquainted, and likes to be introduced to all strangers. These proceedings over, he solicits questions, if no one commences without. The three female spirits, who are always in attendance, will also converse freely when called out by the audience. Singing, conversing, playing upon instruments and writing inside the cabinet constituted, as we supposed, the ultimatum of these manifestations. Judge of our surprise, when suddenly and without any previous warning, several faces appeared at the opening in the door above referred to. On inquiry, we were informed by the presiding spirit that hereafter these exhibitions would constitute the leading phase and most important feature in the manifestations, and well has he kept his word.

At the time these last-named manifestations appeared the medium was under an engagement to go to New York, where she is at this time of writing. We succeeded in prolonging her stay some ten days, in order to have this new development fairly and satisfactorily tested. The result was some fifty spirits presented themselves, a large number of which were recognized by parties in the audience.

The only conditions required on these occasions were music, if convenient; the circle to sit from

six to eight feet from the cabinet; the lights placed so as to shine with full force directly on the opening in the door when the faces presented themselves—conversations amongst the audience and with the presiding spirit in the cabinet allowed, same as when we had only singing and musical manifestations. The only change in the condition of the medium was—in addition to those above described—a veil was placed over her face after her hands were securely tied behind. In most cases, the spirits presenting themselves appeared to have a light gauze or piece of white cloth over their foreheads, and sometimes over the neck and chin, but, in most cases, exhibiting the face sufficiently to be recognized. They informed us that the light was so severe upon them that this precaution was necessary to enable them to hold on, while a fair and distinct view of their features could be seen by the audience.

By direction of the presiding spirit, we took the cabinet to Mr. Beckwith's Photograph Rooms, west side, where five different negatives were taken in daylight, in less than an hour, three copies of which I sent you last Saturday, 8th inst. This was the first and only sitting the medium gave for photographs while here, prior to leaving for New York. Most of the faces seen at the circles, especially the select or private circles, were plainer than those I sent you, and we are assured that after a little practice they will be able to present themselves as plainly and distinctly for photographs as any one could in the form. What next may we expect or anticipate? Will keep you posted if any new phases transpire. You will probably, however, hear from New York before the medium returns.

I remain yours, truly, D. A. EDDY.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 1870.

P. S.—It may, perhaps, be well to state that the voices which proceed from the cabinet are not produced by the medium's organism, but by the spirits themselves, who possess the faculty of forming lungs and all the apparatus necessary for distinct articulation. Many suppose the talking and singing proceed, in some way, from the medium's organism. But this is not the case; the conditions are such that it is utterly impossible for her to articulate. The spirits, when talking, are in the immediate vicinity of the medium, but usually from one to two feet from her, and frequently change their position.

As the fact is established, beyond all question, that spirits show hands and arms—as with the Davenport, the Eddy mediums, and others—it is perfectly fair to conclude that faces and any portion of the human organism may be produced as well. Let us be calm and steadfast under these rapid developments, and, above all, let us make good use of these special gifts vouchsafed to us by the spirit-world. D. A. E.

### PHYSICAL PHENOMENA—DARK CIRCLES.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—There seems to be a general desire on the part of opponents to drive out of existence dark circles for physical phenomena. This desire pervades not only those persons whom we should expect to be engaged in such work, but some of our older brothers and Spiritualist leaders have thrown their last and heaviest stone at the heads and hearts of the mediums who are holding these circles, and at all who may chance to investigate the phenomena through such mediums.

In the *Banner of Light*, Nov. 6th, 1869, A. J. Davis gives to the world his opinion on the question, and says: "Except for scientific investigation to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirit over material things, I hold that dark circles are valueless and injurious. As means of carrying conviction to skeptical minds the lightless sessions amount to nothing." He also says, "I hold that beyond establishing the momentous question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality, the holding of circles and the accumulation of repetitions manifestations are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and the judgment."

It was upon this selfsame scientific investigation of the physical phenomena, and in dark circles (on which friend Davis seems to put so trifling a value) that the momentous question, "If a man die shall he live again," was demonstrated to my inner being, and I became satisfied of a continuation of a life beyond the present material condition. When you take from me the phenomena of Nature, you take the very foundation upon which I have built my hopes of immortality. To discard the circles, in and through which we have all learned the alphabet of the Spiritual Philosophy, is to me too much like taking the alphabet from our common schools, and teaching the pupil to read before he has first learned his letters. It may be beautiful and soul-elevating to read, and by reading follow A. J. Davis in his aerial flights among the worlds of space, and try and learn something of our future home in the Summer-Land; yet before we enjoy much of a feast we must be able to demonstrate the fact that there is a Summer-Land, and also that man is an immortal being, and has an inheritance there to enjoy.

All real Spiritualists know that they are to-day receiving the anathemas and bigoted condemnation of a church, which prefers to revel in blissful ignorance rather than investigate the science and philosophy of the nineteenth century. All real Spiritualists are prepared to meet the issue, and bide the time when truth will prevail; but when men like J. W. Lewis, of Providence, make such statements as he made in the *Banner of Light*, of Dec. 25th, 1869, I feel that a word is due in defence of the other side of the question. After giving a full column of incidents as he sees them through the Raub and Turner exposé, anathematizing Laura V. Ellis by calling her a humbug, and scandalizing Mr. Ellis, by saying: "It pains me to think that an innocent young girl, at the age of eleven, should be taken by her father and systematically taught and brought up to practice deception, and transported over the country to add him in humbugging the people; and that, too, at the expense of an idea that should be so sacred to all, as that of spirit communion," he gives the lie to what he has previously written, by saying: "I have no means of knowing positively whether it is the same with Miss Ellis. If her hands are tied closely to the ring, and no play left for her to move her neck forward at all, she still may be able to disprove the claims of Mr. Raub to expose her manifestations."

I have the pleasure of saying, in defence of these (to my mind) grossly insulted parties, that I had the privilege of making an engagement with Mr. Ellis to exhibit the manifestations that are given through his daughter, in the City Hall of this place, and better satisfaction was never given by any medium in this city.

On one evening the handcuffs were called for, and Mr. S. Chase, policeman, (at that time the owner of the only pair of English patent steel handcuffs here,) was chosen a committee to adjust them, and otherwise secure the medium. While her hands were thus secured behind her, and tied

down close to the ring, her neck fastened to the back of the cabinet, her feet tied together at the ankle, and a strip of cloth hanging out of the door to tell if she moved them, a lady's finger-ring was taken from a nail, at the side of her head, and placed on the end of her nose—taken from the nose and put in the left ear—taken from the ear and put in her mouth—the fastenings remaining, in all these cases, intact. The key was then put on the seat behind the girl, and the invisibles were requested to loosen the fastenings and take off the handcuffs; but the handcuffs they did not take off, and when Mr. Chase removed them he said that he was ashamed to think he had adjusted them so tightly, for the flesh had swelled and more than half covered the band. Now Mr. Bigot, and all weak-kneed Spiritualists, when you wish to expose Laura V. Ellis be sure for once that you place the exposer in the same condition that you place the medium—put on the patent steel handcuff, and be sure you get your man fast, and if he is not a medium for that manifestation you may be certain he will remain so.

The writer feels confident that he has studied the physical phenomena for the past seven years as thoroughly and as honestly as any other person on the American Continent; he has sought out and witnessed the manifestations of all mediums at his command. For the past four years he has had regular circles at his house, and can safely say that thousands have visited them to see manifestations of different kinds. Persons of all grades and denominations have come to witness the phenomena. Hundreds have been convinced of the truth of our beautiful religion, while others have been disgusted and gone home to their best love (the church). Some few have come who did not witness the manifestations, for the simple reason that they told us plainly that they came expecting to be "humbugged," and all such we invariably let do the "humbugging" themselves, and never gave them a sitting.

Having had a medium in my own family—my only child in the form—I feel that a greater variety of ways are seldom given to any person to prove the truthfulness of the phenomena than has been my privilege to enjoy; and when people ask me if I believe in the Spiritual Philosophy, I tell them no—it has become a real knowledge to me, from the fact that it has been demonstrated to me, beyond all doubt, that there is a real, disembodied intelligence; and that this intelligence belongs to the human family, and once inhabited a material body, as we do to-day. This has become a fact to me, and, through the mediumship of my child, more than all else.

When my daughter takes her seat at the piano and with her right hand plays the variations of the old national air, "Yankee Doodle," and with the left gives a full accompaniment, I know she has no means at hand whereby she can pick up and play one, two or four bells in perfect time and tune; and when this thing is done, I know there is a power—an intelligent power, else the bells could not be so played. Again, when she executes a waltz with a full accompaniment, or the old and familiar "Sweet Home" with variations and accompaniment, and the harmonica plays the same tune with or without the variation, at the same time it is being played upon the piano, I know there is an intelligent power at work upon both instruments. And I speak advisedly when I say the medium only plays one of the instruments, for the very good reason (if no other) that she does not understand the harmonica, and cannot play a simple air upon it. And yet this little instrument will be played upon for almost any length of time with the piano, and a variety of tunes will be given that always find attentive ears when persons are present who can appreciate music.

The writer is perfectly aware that it matters but little, at this time, how many or what the nature of the facts that are put forth, the bigot and the church devotee are not in a condition to accept them; but let one of their number, (no matter what his moral status may be,) in a very morbid and unbecomingly manner claim to have exposed one of our mediums, and the claim is looked upon as an infallible truth at once by the church. Trusting that all true Spiritualists will be made stronger by the agitations of the present day, knowing that the beautiful truths of our philosophy are immortal and can endure, we bid our opponents a hearty welcome, and trust they will learn wisdom and deal justly with all.

W. W. CURRIER.

Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 9, 1870.

### MISS CURRIER'S MEDIUMSHIP.

The modesty of Bro. Currier in the statement of his daughter's mediumship, is only equalled by his honesty. I am well acquainted with him and his daughter, and I heartily endorse all that he has said of her mediumship, and much that he has modestly left untold. I should be happy to state, could I do so with satisfaction to myself and justice to the facts.

Whenever I have been in Haverhill, which is quite often during the past two years, I have been entertained at the hospitable home of Bro. Currier and wife. While there my opportunities for witnessing the manifestations through his daughter Mary's mediumship have been excellent, and of course I improved them. I have witnessed, repeatedly, all the manifestations he speaks of, and many more that he does not mention.

Mr. Currier has fitted up a room expressly for Mary to hold her seances in, and in doing so has spared no pains nor expense to give the spirits the conditions asked for by them. As a reward for his labor the spirits succeed in producing some of the most interesting musical performances, as well as feats of physical power, in that room, in the presence of Mary, that have ever been effected in this country.

He speaks of the harmonica being played while the air and accompaniment are performed by Mary upon the piano, she being in the circle room alone. When I last visited Haverhill, which was less than two months ago, I listened to the sweetest rendering of "Sweet Home," and other familiar tunes, on the harmonica, while the air and full accompaniment were played upon the piano, and often during the performance, the piano itself, which will weigh over six hundred pounds, was heard beating time to the music by being lifted up and down upon the floor! On another occasion I saw the piano lifted bodily from the floor while Mary sat playing upon the keys! This, of course, was done in the light.

Often, when I have been in the circle room alone with Mary—I playing upon the violin while she was performing all the parts on the piano with me—the tambourine has been taken up and played with us, in a style impossible for the medium to imitate, providing she had had nothing else to engage her attention. The tambourine, while playing, would be carried to all parts of the room, sometimes playfully patting me on the head and knees, a feat Mary could not have accomplished without leaving the piano, and without knowing my exact position, which I purposely changed after the room was made dark.

Usually when the seances are given, Mary goes into the circle room alone; the only door, which



Yours for Truth and Progress,  
S. N. GOULD, S.



## NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY E. DAVIS.  
THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, AND ITS IMPORT.

At Trent, more than three hundred years ago, the last Ecumenical Council was held. The word "Ecumenical" signifies "the habitable world." Nineteen such councils have been held since the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church. There has been no period fixed for these great assemblies, but they have been summoned by Papal authority, whenever some crisis in the religious world seemed to demand definite action on the part of the church dignitaries. The fact that Pope Pius IX. at his advanced age of nearly eighty years, has taken upon himself such a heavy responsibility, in view of the present critical state of Europe, and of the world-wide and complicated subjects which must arise in such a convocation, shows that he was pressed with a conviction that a momentous crisis was close at hand. It is evident that the Pope and his emulства consider it necessary that the hosts of the Church Militant should be marshaled for a new and tremendous struggle. Their own opinion of the nature of this struggle, they have indicated both in word and deed.

In 1864 the Pope issued the famous Syllabus containing many propositions, six of which "Janus," author of the German book, entitled "The Pope and his Council," supposes will be converted into dogmas and urged upon the fathers of the Council. These are, "that the Church has the right to employ physical coercion, or (in other words) persecution; that the Popes have never exceeded the bounds of their power, or usurped the rights of princes; that the immunities of the clergy were not conceded by the civil power; that the extravagant pretensions of the Popes did not contribute to the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches; that it is wrong to allow liberty of conscience or equal political rights to Protestants; and that the reconciliation of the Pope with modern progress and liberalism is neither possible nor desirable."

The "bodily assumption of the Virgin," and the "Infallibility of the Pope" are also doctrines that "Janus" thinks may become dogmas during the sessions of the Council which was opened in Rome, with such pomp and ceremony, on the 8th of December, 1869. A zealous post of the *Catholic World* for January, thus glorifies the event:

"Press on, close in, ye gallant ranks of hell!  
Concentrating the might ye think to wield,  
Steel ever ready Church, do ye heed ye heed!  
More men, more companies, more hosts than e'er before!  
When was the choir of Hell so loud as well!  
Word ever potent a word never!  
He calls: earth hears, he almost seems to sound!  
And lo! a thousand millions gird him round!"

The Pope's Allocution at the opening of the Council, as translated by a *Tribune* correspondent, contains the following significant sentences: "Hence you see, Venerable Fathers, with what violence the ancient enemy of the human race has assailed and still continues to assault the house of God, which still remains inviolate forever. Under that leader, the disastrous conspiracy of impious men strides forth at large, strong in union, powerful in resources, fortified by established institutions, and using liberty as a cloak for wickedness, and does not cease to wage a ferocious war—a war imbued with iniquity against the Holy Church of Christ. Of the character of this war, of its power, its weapons, its progress, and its counsels, you are not ignorant. You have constantly before your eyes, the disturbance and confusion of the sound doctrines on which all order in human affairs depends; the violation of every right; the manifold arts of audacious falsehood and corruption, by which the salutary ties of justice, honesty and authority are loosened, the vilest passions inflamed, and the Christian faith totally rooted out of men's minds; so that at this crisis we should be compelled to fear the certain destruction of the Church of God, if it could be destroyed by any efforts and machinations of men. But said St. Chrysostom, nothing is more powerful than the Church; the Church is stronger than Heaven itself; Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. What are those words? 'That at Peter, and on this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

"Although, indeed, the city of the Lord of all power, the city of our God, rests on an inviolable foundation, still acknowledging and in our inmost heart deploring that mighty mass of evil, and the ruin of souls, for avert which we are ready even to lay down our lives, we, who are charged with the functions of vicar of the Eternal Shepherd, ought to be kindled beyond others with zeal for the house of God, and we have believed that such measures should be adopted as seem most reasonable and effectual, for the repair of so extensive damage to the Church of God."

This language from the Sovereign Pontiff justifies the conclusion of the same able correspondent, that the Council "aims to suppress the school of liberal thought which has played such mischief in Church and State, and re-establish the supremacy of the Pope as a barrier to modern progress." Father Hecker, in his farewell sermon, preparatory to his departure for Europe to attend the Council, said:

"But let us know what those persons who charge the Syllabus with opposing science, signify by that term. If they mean by it the theories of sophists like Humboldt, Huxley, Comte, Mill, Spencer, and certain philosophers of Boston, who debase God, deify matter, degrade the rational and spiritual nature of man, and reduce all knowledge to a chaos of skepticism, the Pope and the Church are opposed to all such science as that."

It is plain to be seen that the vanguard among scientific discoverers, the rational among philosophers, and the radical among religionists, are those against whom the war will be waged. The Protestant heresy is not so much to be dreaded by the Roman Church. Protestantism is regarded by it as transitional, and hardly worthy of its steel. Indeed, the Church of Rome expects to win a large proportion of Protestant Christians to its maternal shelter. The remainder it regretfully consigns, in prophecy, to the ranks of outside "infidels," on whom it will be its duty to make war. A writer in the *Catholic World*, of January, says: "It must be either the Church or the world, Catholicity or naturalism, God or atheism. . . . We think the sincere and earnest Protestants, who love and study the Bible and mean to be Christians, will be gathered into the Catholic fold, and the others most likely—other things remaining as they are—will follow their Protestant spirit into naturalism, and give up Christian baptism and Christian faith altogether. . . . We believe the time will come when the real issue will be made up, and the battle we must wage be not with heresy, but with unadulged and unmitigated infidelity, rationalism, naturalism, or pure secularism."

Under the vague terms, "naturalism" and "infidelity," the Roman Church indiscriminately classifies all free-thinkers and advocates of natural religion, including "Transcendentalists," "Free Religionists," "Harmonical Philosophers," and "Spiritualists." The last named, Catholics are pleased to call "Spiritualists," and accuse them of "demon-worship and gross idolatry and superstition." Thus they have drawn the lines of demarcation, and following them closely, we see that the one thing that they dread, and will war against with all their might, is RELIGIOUS FREE-

DOM. Catholicism, notwithstanding its gentle and winning features, its refinements, its charities, its devotional fervor, is a system of perfect religious despotism. At its threshold spiritual independence ceases. Within its fold, the spirit of progress has no admission. Over against this mighty monument of the past is set the other positive power which religious growth has evolved during the slow grinding of "the mills of God," perfect Spiritual Freedom. This power is strong and vast and sure. It cannot be won by compliance, it cannot be subdued by force. By it, and not by any form of sectarianism, is the world to be redeemed and made at one with God.

In striking accordance with the expressed view of the most intelligent among Roman Catholics regarding the coming conflict, have been the pronouncements of friends of progress on the same subject. The Spiritualistic journals have given forth no uncertain sound, and Radical publications have indicated a like insight. A work entitled "The Approaching Crisis," written eighteen years ago, by A. J. Davis, in Review of Dr. Bushnell, contains, on page 261, of the revised edition, the following prophetic sentences: "There will be a peculiar reaction in favor of Catholicism. The One, Holy, Catholic Church, is destined to spread throughout many of the territories of Christendom; because one party in Protestantism will see its inconsistent position in matters of religious theory. But another party has appeared—the Liberal Christians and the Harmonical Philosophers. This form of religion unqualifiedly rejects all unnatural supernaturalism. Hence, Protestantism and Catholicism, as religious institutions, are alike repudiated. It does not make every man's judgment his only guide in matters of importance, but asks—Where shall we find the most truth, the highest wisdom, the noblest religion, the truest happiness? It has these desires for its eternal magnet. Hence it interrogates the boundless fields of Nature with an honest soul and lofty brow! This is perfect and immutable freedom. Avarice can never invade the principles of this party; for it is based upon Reason, upon Nature, and upon Nature's God. . . . Protestantism, as now constructed, will first decay; because it is to be divided into two parties—the smallest party will go back into Catholicism; the other will go forward into Rationalism. And then after a succession of eventful years, a political revolution will hurl the Catholic superstructure to the earth, and the primitive law of promise will span the heavens."

Since the above was written, a vast body of recruits, numbering millions, has entered the army of progress from the Protestant ranks; and indications are not wanting that Catholicism is now making numerous accessions from the same source. The *Church Monthly* is apparently published in the interests of the Catholic party in the Protestant Episcopal denomination. The Ritualistic movement is rapidly gaining ground. Professor Leavitt, in the *American Quarterly Church Review*, complains that among certain ecclesiastical agitators in England he discerns a tendency to promote Christian unity by a full surrender to Rome of almost everything for which our fathers battled and bled; by a concession of Papal supremacy, transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, and the full ceremonial of the Roman ritual. Meantime the work of propaganda is going on secretly and openly throughout our young Republic, and good Catholics are hoping, praying and working for the conversion of the American people to the Church. Representatives have gone from various sections of North and South America to attend the Ecumenical Council, and when they return, their zeal will be redoubled for the planting of the Roman Catholic Faith on this inviting soil. Let the friends of Religious Freedom be equally vigilant, earnest and devoted, and we shall see the triumph of truth, and the universal spread of Natural Religion.

## Carbonell in Providence.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—This exposé of spiritual manifestations came to this city with a loud flourish of trumpets. His handbills were lavishly thrown about, on which he promised to expose the Davenport, Edgys, Laura V. Ellis, and I know not how many more, also set out by extracts from papers asserting that he did the thing sure, thus bearing a sort of quasi endorsement. He opened in Roger Williams Hall, but had no great audiences, and transferred himself and cabinet to Musical Institute Hall, a cheaper one. His exposures were such a transparent humbug that he did not draw, for in the dark science, where he had strings fitted up to slide his gullies on, the thing was so bunglingly done that those who had ever seen the Davenport manifestations laughed at the impotent feat, and were sorry that Mr. Carbonell should assume to say that this was the mode practiced by the Davenports. All were of a piece with this.

The cabinet was not like either the Davenport or Edgy cabinet. It had no permanent seat, no fixed staple to which the cord tying him could be attached. He was seated in a chair without a back, loose on the floor of the cabinet, yet had the impudence to pretend that he was operating under the conditions incident to those he was exposing. The whole exposé was an arrant humbug; it was a sort of a parody, and a very weak, poor one at that. When in the cabinet the top would be lifted to let in light, on the pretence that he wanted air. The time was much longer than with either the Davenports or Edgys; so long that even some of those who wanted to have him a success were forced to admit that he was "no go." But I have no space for details further. Suffice it to say, the whole matter was so clearly a humbug that the poor fellow went "up the spout" or "into the little end of the horn" Monday night. Saturday night as a "guy" he advertised a "challenge," a wager of one hundred dollars being pending (over the left, so far as I can ascertain). But the thing did not take; the audience was "beautifully less" than on preceding evenings; so he advertised the "challenge" again for Monday night. He was at the hall at 5 o'clock, as I am informed by Dr. Scott, the manager of the same, or lessee, and left for the cars to get some money he expected from Boston; after which he was not seen; and has not since been visible in the city. He left his cabinet behind in all its glory, and it now sits in the gallery of Musical Institute Hall, awaiting Mr. Carbonell or the money. Dr. Scott would be happy to see the gentleman. Thus ended the second edition of exposures (?) of spiritual manifestations in Providence. *Sic transit gloria Carbonelli.* W. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, Jan. 14th, 1870.  
[The Boston Journal, Daily Advertiser, Transcript, and Boston Post—the papers which advertised Carbonell gratuitously, and got terribly "humbugged" in consequence—are particularly requested by thousands of their patrons, who are Spiritualists, to copy the above. Nous verrons, as old Father Ritchie used to say.]

Gen. Isaac F. Shepard, formerly of this city, is one of the editors of the St. Louis Democrat.

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## Banner of Light.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

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## The Natural Religion.

It is a common saying that every person acknowledges his own god, whether he find it in fire, a bird, an animal, money, fame, power, or a spiritual Creator. For the time being, all know what they worship. The lesser gods they expect to be lasting; and it is a valuable part of their disciplinary experience, to discover the littleness and lowness of their conception. Men who believe that money or power is to yield them permanent satisfaction, but grow wiser by finding out that these lower objects have but a limited influence and value; and in their growing unrest, and their searching about in this direction and that for something that shall satisfy them better, they are by little and little made acquainted with interior wants that refuse to be satisfied with the very most that material resources have to offer. When they arrive at this point, they may be said to have fairly begun their development. To see a person dissatisfied with what worldly goods can do for him, and craving with an undefined purpose, to have good hope for him. When he touches rock bottom, he will find peace; not before. And the universal experience offers standing testimony to the truth that there is no such foundation but that which is spiritual. Here we all set up our rest. Here we abide in peace, though still yearning, praying, striving, and growing.

Spiritualism, then, is the natural religion—the sure foundation. The soul itself is the best witness in the case. It shall tell us if we are finally standing on an abiding support. There is no lasting religion but that of the soul. That is all that suffices. If we are disoriented, it is a hint that we are wrong. Discontent is not the same feeling with that of not being filled. We may have spiritual hunger and thirst forever, as no doubt it is our destiny as the one condition of our increase; but that is not like feeling that we are on the wrong course, that we are trying to get nourishment from husks, that we are at odds with the very laws of our being. Not until the advent of modern Spiritualism was it revealed with such impressive distinctness that natural religion is itself revealed to man, needing no ecclesiastical shaping or serving up for the wants of man. And the wider this knowledge spreads, and the more imbued the world becomes with the great truths that are the envelops of its very existence, the more general will become the worship at its beautiful shrine. Mankind will wait for no priestly interpreters, but will bless the Father continually, and everywhere, for unveiling the heavens to mortal vision. What a day will not that be on the earth! What silent pulses of joy will make themselves felt in all breasts! What satisfaction, what hope, what repose, will revive where there has been neither room nor encouragement for them hitherto!

Here, then, we strike the line of division between past aimless experience and the glorious actuality of the present. This era signals the parting forever of the Old and the New. The Old, so venerated and made mystery of, is giving place to the New, so beautiful, so truthful. It is a momentous change, for it sweeps into its circle every interest and influence on which mankind has hitherto thought to find a place of rest. It will not come peaceably, either, at which its friends and well-wishers may become disconcerted. It must bring inharmonious, because it aims at final harmony; and men's minds clash at contest most sharply when they are forced to make open proclamation of the fact that they differ at all. The trouble that is to come will be caused by the fondness of men for their existing idols. If they only sought out the truth, and were willing to follow its guidance faithfully, there could of course be no trouble. But it is in this persistent reluctance to give up the false and the hollow, and to exchange them for the true, the simple, the elevated and the lasting, that the conflict is begotten; and it begins and goes on until the soul asserts herself in full strength by the conquest of the artificial and poisoning. Selfishness, malice, envy, and every lower function of the human brain will start to their feet to repel this threatened innovation. But I will not avail. The stones for the new spiritual temple have been carefully hewn and fitted, and they are ready on the ground. The edifice must be erected, and straightaway. The world of spirit has ordained it. All nature sanctions it. And when it is crowned with perfection, the angels will sing together to the glory of its founder and the salvation and happiness of the human race.

## Lower Coal.

Whatever the Ways and Means Committee of the lower House of Congress may think it best to do about taking off the duty on bituminous coal, it is credibly ascertained that there is a clear majority for such an abolition of the duty in the House itself, and we have assurances that when the case comes to a vote there will be found enough in favor of admitting coal free to change the law altogether on that important subject. What a relief it would certainly be to the laborers of the whole country, particularly those living at great distances from the coal regions, to have cheaper coal! The effect would be instantly felt, not simply in the outright reduction by the amount of the tax itself, but in the depression of the price in consequence of competition from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. We can wish nothing better for the people everywhere than that they may soon be able to purchase such an absolute necessity of life as fuel at greatly reduced prices.

## Peace Convention.

The Massachusetts Radical Peace Society held a meeting at the Melrose, in this city, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 26th. Distinguished speakers are expected to address the meeting. A profitable time may be anticipated.

## Clerical Infidelities.

We cherish none of the tit-for-tat spirit, whether publicly or privately. The recent fall of a prominent young Methodist clergyman in New York was, in all its aspects, a lamentable occurrence, to be spoken of with sincere regret rather than in the slightest spirit of triviality. If people were even indifferent to the fate of the guilty man, they could not in their hearts withhold the profound pity they feel for a deluded and overpowered young girl of sixteen, and for the wife and son of the derelict minister. If we have any surplus of sympathy to bestow, let it all be freely given to the innocent and helpless sufferers. We do not pretend to judge the case for the man, yet it is in our place to allude to it, in order to introduce such proper reflections as it inevitably provokes. For this guilty preacher, who was so hot in his public denunciation of reform in thought and progress in opinion, and who would promptly have coupled our own pure faith and exalted philosophy with practices that have been signally illustrated in his own conduct, is one of a numerous class that labors to create and establish a popular prejudice against all better and more advanced doctrines than their own; a class that assumes it is entirely and unqualifiedly right at all points itself, and thinks it answers and silences liberal thinkers by crying out "mad dog" as lustily as possible from their entrenchments in the pulpit.

Like other men in other situations, they ought to be aware, and if not they should be made aware, that they challenge and invite for their own conduct the same scrutiny which they sweepingly visit upon others in the form of condemnation. It would therefore be a relaxation of simple duty which we who are maligned by them fairly owe to the public; if we failed to point their own moral with their own example. We do not propose to stop and denounce the clergyman in question as a scoundrel, a villain, or anything else, for nothing can be better known than that he can be denounced and condemned and tortured by no one living so fiercely as by himself. His consciousness of wrong will stand through his life as his perpetual condemnation. If he is remorseful even to the pitch of anger because he has been discovered and disgraced, he may yet come to feel a deeper sense of regret as time passes and his tumult subsides into the tranquility of reflection. We are quite content to leave such a man to himself.

But we do not hesitate to take such a case, and all other similar cases that now occur with so alarming a frequency, and use them in self-protection simply in replying to those who still think it the fashion to assail Spiritualism as being provocative of a laxity of principle in social life. The least we should be expected to say in the premises is, that when those who accuse Spiritualism in this reckless manner can produce no more promising illustrations of their own purer claims and pretensions, they had better remain permanently silent, for the sake of the virtues of which they profess to be so tender. These partisan judgments by sects styling themselves religious above everything socially known, it is about time to silence; and we can only say in perfect frankness, that if there is not justice, reason and decency enough in the accusing religious denominations to suggest their suppression, we have no regrets that they are being silenced in this other and more practical way. Many persons finally do for shame what they never would do from reason and right in the world.

## Answering Sealed Letters.

Letters sent to spirit friends for answer through the agency of J. V. Mansfield, 102 West Fifteenth street, New York City—if properly addressed—are responded to with marvelous accuracy.

Mr. Mansfield's services in this capacity are invaluable to investigators, as well as to those whose confidence in his mediumship, attested by abundant evidence, leads them frequently to employ it as a practical means of communicating directly with their spirit friends. He has been long appropriately known as the great Spirit Post Master, for literally through his hands pass these communications from the two spheres of human life.

We have personally tested this medium in oft-repeated instances, during several years, and know that we have not been deceived. As conclusive evidence of the truthfulness of the spirit messages through Mr. Mansfield has been given to us, as is accepted in a court of justice. In one instance we simply wrote to a spirit friend asking him if he knew what our impressions were upon a certain subject (not even hinting what the subject was), and received in reply, through Mr. M.'s agency, the most complete and satisfactory answer possible. This was unmistakable evidence to us that the spirit who signed the message knew what we were thinking, and answered accordingly. More than this: the signature was a perfect fac simile of his handwriting.

Mr. Mansfield was one of the first, if not the very first medium in America, through whom this convincing phase of spiritual manifestation has been presented. He has been subjected not only to the severest tests, but also to the harshest slanders and detraction. But through all the trials and persecution which he has suffered, he has kept quietly on in the path of duty opened before him by the angels, and to-day commands the confidence of the most enlightened Spiritualists, as an honest man and faithful medium.

## SLOWLY—SURELY.

I've watched and watched, and seen how slowly Great truth's emancipating mind:  
Even sunbeams, though so bright and holy,  
A tardy course through darkness find.  
And yet I feel and know securely  
That light will force its onward way;  
And out of night's benighted surety—  
Morn, brightening into perfect day.

As from the scornful lingering ages  
Are needed for the oak to grow—  
Wisdom's ungod, ungodly pages  
Will be revealed, though late and slow.  
Be not impatient! God protected,  
Unhastening, but unerring still,  
All is impelled—and all directed  
By God's eternal, changeless will.  
—[John Bowring.]

## The Indians.

Hon. George H. Stewart, of Philadelphia, called on the President, 18th inst., in company with several of the Society of Friends of that city. Gen. Dent introduced the visitors, and after a pleasant conversation, during which Indian affairs were discussed and assurance given by the President that a peaceful treatment would be adopted under all possible circumstances, the visitors withdrew, and subsequently called on Gen. Parker, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

## Dr. J. R. Newton.

This excellent healer opened an office in this city, at No. 23 Harrison Avenue, last Thursday, for healing the sick. He has been visited by a large number of patients, and has effected many cures. He will remain here until April. Early in May he will sail for Europe, on a professional tour.

## "Modern American Spiritualism."

We shall have at no time in the future a more exhaustive sketch of the history of modern Spiritualism in the United States, the country of its birth, than Mrs. Emma Hardinge has supplied in the elegant and imposing volume of which we have a second edition now in hand. It is a circumstantial summary of the subject. She takes it up at the very beginning, and pursues the record faithfully to the end. Her book gives the full outline and the filling together. The trifling incidents, the circumstances that gradually increased the visible importance of the new revelation, the places with which the birth of the new belief are memorably associated, the long line of individuals connected with the progress of the spiritual movement, are furnished with loving care on these broad and attractive pages, and all together make up a company of features, actions and persons into which those who desire a more intelligent acquaintance with the development and growth of modern Spiritualism will desire to be introduced.

Mrs. Hardinge pens her narrative and extracts her evidences for presentation with the easy familiarity of one who is engaged on her own private journal, yet with that firmness of intellectual tone which becomes one who feels that he has a statement of world-wide importance to make. Her very dedication of her completed work has a high solemnity that instinctively awes one in the perusal. She acknowledges that this work is but a brief, fragmentary, and most imperfect record of the divine manifestation, wise and mighty beings, beneficent and powerful spirits; in which confession she cannot but be heartily joined by those who go through this noble history of the work of such pure spirits in her company. We are not intending to recapitulate the contents of her rare volume, which is a perfect repository, an encyclopedia of facts illustrating her theme at every stage of its development. That is better conveyed in its advertisement, and nowhere so well as on the pages of the book itself. From her description of "The First Spiritual Telegraph" to the "Celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Rochester Knockings," she traverses ground which it was full time to go over again in retrospect and by record for the preservation of its momentous experience.

This book sketches the scenes of the earliest public investigations of the phenomena; lets the eager reader into the story of Spiritualism as developed in New York City and State; takes up the thread and follows its course into the Eastern States; hesitates not at the nonsense, charlatanism, delusions and humbugs which false and designing persons sought to fasten to the great popular movement; follows out the course of the growth into the Middle and Western and Southern States, making her narrative racy with incidents, anecdotes, and verifications as she proceeds; pursues the subject as it begins to awaken popular interest in the Territories, in California, in Canada, Central and South America; and makes a most impressive picture of its active operation as a new power while the great civil war was raging from one end of the continent to the other. This is the outline of her task; but no one can get an adequate idea of its real character except from its careful perusal and serious reflection. This is precisely what we enjoin upon all our readers and friends, that they may be at no loss to know what has been done, when, how and wherefore, to advance Spiritualism in two decades from an infant manifestation to a full-grown, accepted and irresistible power everywhere, ready to confer blessings on all those who ask for the interposition of its offices.

## Mr. Kneeland and the Investigator.

Bro. Beaver, of the *Investigator*, do n't like the idea of Father Kneeland calling to see us instead of him. Our worthy brother, in his extreme sensitiveness, repeats almost verbatim what he said in his paper nearly two years ago, viz.:

"One would naturally suppose, it seems to us, that as Abner Kneeland founded the *Investigator*, and was personally acquainted with its proprietor and editor, his spirit would come to this office, instead of going to the *Banner of Light* people, whom he never knew."

As we before replied, we now reiterate, Bro. Beaver's assertion to the contrary, that we were "personally acquainted" with Abner Kneeland before he left earth; hence he would be just as likely to visit us as our contemporary. Under existing circumstances, however, it is very natural that he should prefer to call upon us in preference, for the simple reason that we, having established intercommunication between the mundane and supra-mundane spheres of life, our friend can approach us; whereas, our esteemed brothers just below us on Washington street—who, by the way, should be amply patronized by *Spiritualists* as well as *skeptics*—persist in cutting the wires, and then wondering why Bro. Kneeland do n't visit the *Investigator* office! Perhaps Bro. Kneeland will answer our contemporary for himself. We fully coincide with Bro. Beaver that Abner is remiss in not alluding to the paper with which he was connected for so many years. We hope this notice will jog his memory.

## At the Table Again.

That martinet in grammar—*The Round Table*—levels its blunderbuss of wit at the *Banner of Light*, because the latter does not invariably write "medium" media. We would be happy to write even that the *Round Table* is not the medium affair for a journal which it has of late become, if we could do so with truth, for the sake of pleasing a critic of so censorious a quality. But we are under obligations to utter the truth such as the *Round Table* may not yet appreciate, and must therefore withhold the compliment, for the sake of the obstructing consistency. But while on the subject of grammar, and the *Round Table* editor having paused from his fishing excursions and other elegant diversions long enough to dispense his superior scholastic knowledge with such a wantonness of liberality—we make bold to tell that individual, looking at his frown and ferule all the while, that when he says the word medium "is not an adjective, neuter, masculine, or feminine," he is as ignorant of his grammar as he supposes everybody else to be. Medium is a neuter adjective as much as a noun, and we advise our self-elected critic to chew at it root till he extracts the meaning from it. His advice that we should let adjectives alone, and go among "substantives," we shall be very glad to follow as soon as we conclude to leave his own company, and that we propose to do now.

## Mrs. Wilcoxson in Texas.

In a note to us, remitting a subscription to the *Banner of Light*, Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, the lecturer, writes from Brenham as follows:

"I am quite busy here, and getting good audiences; much excitement and discussion going on; usual hostility of Orthodox clergy; a plowman field, but rich in promise for the future. Many prominent statesmen here, as everywhere, are looking to our heavenly cause for the true principles of reconstruction. Shall have plenty to do for the coming season; calls coming in constantly; in the heart of the finest cotton region, and country fast filling up from all sections."











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## Banner of Light.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## DEATH AND ITS EFFECTS.

There are three views of death, which stand out prominently on the public mind, by one of which most persons are governed in their feelings as they approach it, or as they feel that it approaches them. The first, and most horrible and unnatural, is the Christian or orthodox view of death; which is, that it is the monster evil which God sent upon man and beast as a curse and penalty for the sin of Adam in his disobedience, when he did not know good from evil, and that it is the most terrible and fatal event that can overtake us, if we are not converted to Christianity, and having our hearts changed are prepared to meet our God, who sent this curse to bring us all into his presence. In view of this terrible belief most persons who have it and are sentenced to be hanged, or shot, or beheaded, get their hearts changed, and prepare as well as they can to meet their God, and, of course, are greatly disappointed at not finding it true, as they were taught that this gate opens to his presence. Many other persons, also, who by sickness or otherwise feel and fear the approach of death, become penitent and confess all the sins they can remember, and often more, and get a new heart, and thus prepare at or near the close of life; but sometimes the agony recedes, and when they renew their hold on life by recovery of health, or otherwise, they relapse again into sin to enjoy it for a season, or until the enemy threatens again, when they are usually scared again into another repentance.

Death has been one of the bugbears of the church ever since there was a church, and by deathbed repentances she has often enriched her coffers and enlarged her list of converts, although the evidence now is ample to prove such conversions are of little use to the subject.

The second, and next most to be dreaded, and equally erroneous view of death, is the one that has long and largely prevailed with scientific minds, and which has been recently set aside by facts, and is the belief that at death the mind is dissolved and annihilated, as is the blaze and light of a candle when it is blown out. They assume that mind is an effect of organization, and must cease when the organization ceases to perform its functions; that being immaterial and only an effect, it cannot exist of itself, and hence, that death is the permanent and final cessation of consciousness, and hence after death there is no consequence or effort of the earth-life to follow us. This view of death makes it a terror to all who love life, and to be sought only by those to whom life is a burden, and with no hope of enjoyment in it. Those who believe this to be the nature and effect of death often approach it manfully, and often meet it and die more calmly and consistently than those who have the Christian view of it. Many strong-minded men and women have reached this belief and accepted it as more rational and consistent than the Orthodox belief, as it surely is, and have concluded that the laws of Nature, that bring us into existence and consciousness without any voluntary action on our part, will also take us out of both, and that we may as well submit gracefully to what we cannot avoid, and enjoy while we can and all we can, and die when we must, pushed into and out of conscious being by some power over which we have no control. This is truly a scientific view, but fortunately for us there is more science and more of life and better effects of death than are now established on a sure and solid basis.

The third and last is the rational and true theory of death, which is the escape of the soul, with its consciousness and all its mental powers, from the earthly covering, which was to it what the chrysalis shell is to the butterfly, a barrier to its winged flight and easy locomotion. The demonstrations of Spiritualism have completely established the materiality of the soul and mind, setting forth mind as a cause and not an effect of organic life, and as a cause and not result of consciousness, as superior to and not dependent on organization. With this view of death persons feel the importance of living in such manner and establishing such character as will enhance their condition in the next life, which, so far as individuals are concerned, is a continuation of this life. In this view this life is a sort of gestation of the soul, in which it is well to get a good start and a sound and well proportioned spiritual and mental man and womanhood, and as we have now fully proved that character and attachments, likes and dislikes, continue in us after death, and that our affections, aspirations and passions remain undestroyed, it is of the utmost importance to discipline ourselves for a longer life than is allowed us here. Those who have this view of death can have no fears of it, however much they are attached to life; but if not prepared to meet and enjoy good society in the spirit-world, may desire to delay the time of going there to live, while those who know the nature and effect of the change, and are prepared for it, will look forward to the hour with bright anticipations of a joyous meeting of "loved ones gone before."

## REMINISCENCES.

Fifty-seven years we have been beating about the shores of mortal life, struggling with the fates or drifting with the tides. An outsider to Christianity, and independent in politics and religion, struggling to establish a preëminent claim to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," born with a sovereignty of soul, we have tracked in no man's footsteps and called no man master. Religious by nature and not by education, we have ever felt at liberty to think our own thoughts and take the consequence of errors in belief. Doubting a future life, we were rejoiced to find in Spiritualism the evidence that placed it beyond a doubt, and gladder still to find that the Christian theories of that life were not correct in their teaching of endless misery for a large portion of our race. The natural, beautiful, rational and just views of the after life, as taught by Spiritualism, have ever charmed us, and we have labored twenty years to extend them, to the best of our ability, with tongue and pen; and, having long ago consecrated our earth-life to the work, we are each year more and more satisfied with its results, enriched in spirit; and, kept poor in earthly goods, we know where our treasures lie, while few of our friends can see, as we do, the reward for our labor. The two worlds have become to us equally real and equally material. All mystery, with all doubt, has departed, and hence all fear of the change or its consequences to us. Many dear friends have preceded us to the land of light and liberty, and they assure us that to those who are faithful and truthful, conscientious and natural in this life, it is a joy unspeakable to the freed soul when it joins the heavenly groups, after escaping from the turmoil, strife, antagonisms and ley folds of the earthly life. We have every reason to believe and none

to doubt the truth of their statements, while we never could see any reason for believing the doctrines of our Orthodox brethren in their statements of the condition of souls after their separation from the body. Every year, as we near the gate that must lead us through to the spirit-life, we see and feel more in love and harmony with Spiritualism, and less and less with Christianity as it is represented by the Catholic or Protestant Church, and every year death seems to us more and more a friend to be welcomed, especially by the old; and, as we feel the vital forces creeping in from the extremities, and gathering around the head and vital organs, we take it as a gentle warning that the boatman will soon beckon our tired spirit on board his craft that will bear us over the Styx to the Summer Land; and as we have long been an open opponent of all forms of superstition and sectarian tyranny, no doubt our enemies will relate when they think we are out of the field and gone to what they call the final account; but every year, while we do stay here, we shall try to announce a full forgiveness to all our enemies, as "they know not what they do."

## UNNECESSARY ALARM.

The St. Louis Republican professes to be "pained" to learn, by its own misconstruction of the article in the Banner, that it is likely to come to an untimely end if funds are not supplied to pay for the spiritual dispatches. It copies a part of an article from the Banner on the free circles, asking the friends who are able to share the expense of keeping them free to mortals, and then with childish showiness perverts it into a sign that the spirits will desert unless their messages are paid for, &c. On reading the article we were reminded of the story of a doctor who, being called to a patient and not knowing what was the matter, said he could give him medicine that would throw him into fits and then he could cure him, as he was death on fits. This sapient editor, who writes about Spiritualism "down in Boston" and the Banner "hung upon the outer walls of the Yankee Zion," &c., might be surprised to learn that his weakly and weekly sheet is much more "likely to come to an untimely end" than the Banner is, and that the Light of the Banner shines on many more countenances, and is likely to do so long after the cloud of the Republican has disappeared. How this writer could speak of Spiritualism as something he had heard or read of as being a novelty, "down in Boston," when it has been as publicly and openly advocated in St. Louis as in Boston, for twenty years, and where it is among the news items almost every day, is, to us, a query, unless he has just arrived from Alaska, or the new nation on the Red River of the North.

## The Ellis Girl Medium Again.

It is not my wish to enter into any controversy with my friend and your correspondent, W. Foster, Jr., of this city, in regard to the reports of the manifestations of Laura V. Ellis, but as, in referring to my communication, he represents me as making charges against Miss Ellis, which at least charges he sees fit to term as "imputed," I deem it my duty to say a few words in reply.

Evidently Mr. Foster and myself, although both present at the report, referred to, and no doubt both intending to be critical and impartial observers of what was done, do not reason out our results from the same standpoint, for we certainly have arrived at different results, whatever may have been the causes for said difference. In my communication I aimed at the utmost of fairness to all parties, in treating the subject, and have no doubt that most persons reading my article will accord me the credit of so doing, though Mr. Foster may not and has not, from the time of his article, given me that credit. He contends for the genuineness of Miss Ellis's manifestations, as compared with the reports, mainly on the ground of the failure of the reports in one item, i. e., the placing of the strip about the neck and tying it, and the greater length of time taken for performing the feats, i. e., "often to twenty times as long" as Miss Ellis, which I think he unintentionally misrepresents. And shall we decide, because of the failure in this one point in the reports, and of the difference in time taken, whatever that difference may have been, that therefore the probabilities of the genuineness of Miss Ellis's wonders have not been affected by the reported report? I think not. I would not wish to hang my faith in her or any other glass of manifestations upon the seeming possibility, or impossibility, of the things being done under certain conditions, as stated, without outside help, and upon the fact that all but one were done under those conditions, not only with the cabinet closed, but with it open, and in full sight of the audience.

Now what do these facts call for from Miss Ellis, her friends and supporters? Evidently, proof of difference in the conditions. (See my former article.) As to the rapidity of performance, I will say that, at the second sitting and with open cabinet, no one could take exceptions to the report on that score; but at the first sitting Mr. Rauh labored under the disadvantage of an extra close fit on his right wrist, which I have no doubt was due to the fact that Miss Ellis is ever tied, and undoubtedly was the cause of much pain to Mr. Rauh during the performance, as the marks on his wrist gave evidence. Until proof of different conditions on the part of Miss Ellis from those stated, I contend that my point is well taken and that the probabilities are strongly against her. If such proof can be furnished, and she is "an honest girl," she will not thank Mr. Foster or any one else to "defend" her without basing such defence upon such proof.

My only object in writing as I did was to give to the people the benefit of my observations, and to Miss Ellis the benefit of a critical statement of the conditions, upon which she would have the advantage of proving (if she is able so to do) the absolute difference between these conditions; and with said proof her position before the world, as a medium, will be unmistakably improved. Therefore I write again, that those conditions may be kept in view, and that everywhere Miss Ellis may exhibit they may be specially noticed, until it is satisfactorily ascertained and promulgated that this point is settled in her favor.

It is one thing to meet a question fairly and squarely, and it is entirely another thing to attempt to excite sympathy in the minds of the public for "an honest girl," and to use force of epithets and denunciations, or to represent such as having been applied to her. I do not and did not absolutely condemn Miss Ellis, and I hope she may be able to prove herself worthy of the support of the great body of Spiritualists and investigators. I, too, would like her as "an honest girl," when the grave doubts raised in my mind by this report shall have been allayed. Truth cannot be injured by investigation, and who will say that we ought to shrink from it for fear that Laura V. Ellis or any other shall fall thereby?

Bro. F. also makes the point that Mr. Rauh "showed unmistakable efforts of his efforts," and "gave evidence that he had labored hard," while with Miss Ellis "there was not the least indication that she had stirred a muscle." Now I was on the platform, and all the time closely watching Mr. Rauh, and I must confess that each time the doors of the cabinet were opened I did not see but that he appeared fully as calm and collected as Miss Ellis did. But I several times announced to the audience that while the cabinet was closed and my ear applied to the back of it, I detected evidences of hard labor. I understand the same thing has been noticed at the seances of Miss Ellis; and Mr. Foster may not be aware of the fact, but I am emphatically informed that, at one of her seances in this city, a medical gentleman was on the committee and tested her pulse, and reported to the audience that at times during the performance it beat with much greater rapidity than it did, when she went into the cabinet. Surely no one will feel the hardship to deny that such would be slight evidence at least of great exertion. Let investigation and criticism continue, and, though Laura V. Ellis should fall, truth will always stand triumphant; and if truth and Miss Ellis stand together, no one will feel greater satisfaction and be more ready to admit it than the writer. Spiritualism will stand, and continue to spread and do its work, while much of the chaff that has been mixed with the wheat will be blown away, and Spiritualism and all the world will be the better for the sifting.

Truly yours, J. W. Lewis.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 8, 1870.

## New Publications.

INSTRUCTIVE COMMUNICATIONS FROM SPIRIT-LIFE is the title of a very instructive and elevating series of inspired communications, on a wide yet related, variety of themes, given through the mediumship of Mrs. S. E. Park, by the instrumentality of her spirit-husband. The collection is published in a handsome volume, by Wm. White & Co., and is on sale at this office without other works on kindred subjects. Mrs. Park does not omit to give credit for the peculiar merit of her communications to the intelligence communicating through her organ; and their substantial character, vital as they are with thought and suggestion, may be deduced from even a casual dipping into her pages. The topics discussed by her in this reflective style, are such as these, which we select almost at random from the list: Spirit-life, Salvation, Evidence of Immortality, Sympathy, Development, The Principle of Sin, Kindness, Reconciliation, Present Destiny of Man, God a Substance, Cheerfulness, Influence, Eternity, Intemperance, Habits, The Greatness of Human Effort, and the Duty in Man. There is a serious earnestness in the tone of these essays, that must of itself compel the reflecting attention. They are well fashioned, impressively phrased, inspired with living and elevated thoughts, and themselves breathe forth a divine influence in assisting the conduct of life and the search after happiness. We can sincerely commend them as containing some of the most timely and valuable suggestions for the attention of readers everywhere.

ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM, HITHERTO CALLED MESMERISM, OR ANIMAL MAGNETISM, is the name of a new book by Wm. Baker Farnestock, M. D. From the establishment of the *Refrigerio Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, Ill. It contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French Commissioners; and freely discusses the several phases and conditions of the mesmeric state. The development of this most interesting subject under the hand of the author, discloses a great number of novel experiences and sensations, and sketches intelligently the subtle power resident in certain organizations for the exercise of magnetic influence and control over others. The general theme is susceptible of a great, many natural divisions, into which the author has directed a most searching spirit investigation. There can be none who feel the slightest interest in this subject, or sympathy with the operations and effects of mesmerism, who will not wish to make a more orderly and scientific examination of it as a distinct object of inquiry; and that can be satisfactorily done by a perusal of this volume. Others than professed Spiritualists will find on its pages sufficient matter to gratify a very large fund of curiosity, as well as to challenge a studious attention.

THE VETERAN OF THE GRAND ARMY is a novel in eight parts, of which we have the first, whose object professes to be to set forth "the true and lofty character of the Grand Army of the Republic." It is written by the Brothers Cobb, and aims to make known the purposes and plans of the organization. It may be had by sending orders to Cyrus & Barnes Cobb, 225 Washington street, Room No. 15, Boston. It can also be had at the various Posts of the Grand Army. The remaining numbers will be issued semi-monthly. The proceeds are to be applied to the interests of the Association.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDER'S JOURNAL for January has been received.

IF MEN'S BAZAR is in the height of fashion.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for February is finely illustrated, and full of choice reading.

YICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE for 1870 contains a large variety of valuable information, and is profusely illustrated. The likeness of Mr. James Yick, of Rochester, N. Y., its originator, is finely executed.

Spiritualism in Boston and Vicinity.

MERCANTILE HALL.—The regular session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was held at the above-named hall, on Sunday morning, Jan. 10th. One hundred and twenty-five members and leaders were in attendance. In addition to the customary exercises, interesting addresses were made to the children, by N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, and Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum holds its meetings every Sunday morning, at the hall, on Main street, and is in a prosperous condition. An entertainment for its benefit will be given at Washington Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 21th.

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 10th, a social conference was held at Union Hall, Main street, and on the evening of the same day, Rev. J. Vilas Blake addressed "The First Spiritual Association, at the above-named hall. Subject: 'The New Church.'"

The Spiritual Association still continues its labors to uphold the cause in our sister city, with good success. The last meeting of the Social Society, at Mrs. Brimhall's, No. 2 Irving place, Main street, Wednesday evening, Jan. 10th, was interesting and well attended.

CHURCH.—A good audience assembled at Granite Hall, corner of Fourth street and Broadway, on Sunday evening, Jan. 10th, to listen to a lecture from Dr. H. B. Storer. His remarks, which served to contrast the old views on religious matters with those of our times, were attentively listened to, and gave general satisfaction.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Lyceum held its usual meeting, at Harmony Hall, on the morning of Sunday, Jan. 10th. L. K. Cooke spoke on the afternoon and evening of that day, at the same hall, with good success.

On Friday evening, Jan. 11th, the officers and members of the Lyceum united in a grand entertainment, for the benefit of their Goodwill, Mrs. D. W. Ballard. The exercises consisted of fine music, singing, &c., and a collation, the enjoyment of the evening terminating with dancing. It was a highly interesting occasion, and was well deserved by the lady for whom it was carried out. Her earnest labors for the benefit of the Lyceum, and the cause generally, have won her hosts of friends among those of our faith in Cambridgeport.

The Society of Spiritualists which have heretofore held meetings at No. 5 Boylston street, have hired a new and commodious hall, in the same street, to be known as Temple Hall, where all who desire honestly, candidly to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism or to enjoy its blessed truths, are respectfully invited to come; but against such as come to engender strife, or make disturbances, the doors will be closed. Under the management of C. M. Huggins the meetings have been constantly increasing in interest as well as numbers, and now it is found that the hall they have been occupying will not accommodate all who come; hence the new hall has been neatly fitted up.

On the 9th of January this Society formed a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and chose the following officers: N. H. Gardner, C. M. Huggins, Assistant Conductors, C. M. Huggins; Guardian, Harriet Jones; Assistant Guardian, Abbie Joslyn; Secretary, C. M. Huggins; Treasurer, Thomas Tripp; Musical Director, Alonzo Bond; Assistant Musical Director, Thomas Tripp. The Society will also hold a Festival in their new hall, on Thursday evening, Jan. 27th, at which there will be tableaux, speaking, music and dancing if desired. This entertainment promises to be an interesting treat to all who attend. The proceeds will be devoted exclusively to the relief of the poor. Tickets 25 cents, which can be purchased at the door.

Meetings will be held every Sunday: A church at 10 o'clock A. M.; at 2 P. M. Children's Lyceum; and in the evening at 7 o'clock there will be either a conference or a lecture. A Conference or Circle will also be held on Thursday evening of each week.

N. B.—Tickets which have been issued for an entertainment by this Society for Mercantile Hall, Jan. 20th, are good for the entertainment at Temple Hall, the 27th inst. Jan. 18th, 1870.

## Londonderry, Vt.

The Spiritualists of Londonderry held their annual Festival at the Union Hall, on Thursday evening, Jan. 13th, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, which prevented people coming from a distance, it was a success. The hall was well filled, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Each one came anticipating a good time, and all seemed to go away feeling that they had had it. The tables literally groaned under the weight they had to bear. It was pronounced by those who had no part in their preparation to be the nicest table they ever saw set. The Londonderry Cornet Band were present and gave us of their excellent music, which lent a charm to the occasion. Although we did not have five thousand to victual from five loaves and two small fishes, from which, after the feast, twelve baskets of fragments were gathered up, yet there was enough furnished for twice as many as were present. Eighty-seven dollars were taken. Our cause is steadily gaining ground. Daniel St. Brown, from Drowsfield, N. H., an excellent seer, and one that will do the cause good, is stopping with us two weeks. He spoke to us Sunday, upon the Bible evidences of Spiritualism, showing a familiarity with that book which but few have; and further, that to take that part out of the book which would demonstrate spirit manifestation, there would be but a dead letter left.

Daniel D. Watt, Secretary.

## SECOND EDITION.

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COSMOLOGY.

WRITTEN BY George M'Ilvaine Ramsay, M. D.

THIS work is purely scientific, and the subjects treated upon are handled with care and great ability. The eminent author in his introduction, says: "Man has various means and avenues by and through which he may and does obtain knowledge, the most obvious of which are those faculties of the mind known as the five senses."

Resulting from a compilation of those five special faculties is the production of another called memory, by which he is enabled to accumulate knowledge. Having learned a fact yesterday, and another fact to-day, to-morrow he may combine these two facts, and thus elicit a third, by much the same process, mentally, as the chemist, by a union of two kinds of substance, produces a new and third kind.

Man has still another faculty, which we have all agreed to call reason, by which he further adds to his knowledge through a process called reasoning. Having obtained a limited knowledge of something which he sees or feels or hears, he then reasons by analogy, either retrospectively or prospectively, and thereby gains further knowledge; e. g., if, on traveling through a forest the first day, he sees a great many trees standing upright and a few lying down, his reason intuitively suggests that those trees lying down had formerly stood upright, and that those standing would eventually fall to the ground. Still extending his chain of thought, he would learn that some of those trees lying down looked fresh and lively, and that some of those standing were old and decayed, were very much decayed. His conclusions in such a case would inevitably be, that some of those trees had long since fallen, while others had not yet begun to decay.

Now, this reasoning by analogy, as a means of obtaining knowledge, is of paramount value when we come to study the heavenly bodies, including our earth. We are so short, when compared with the age of suns and moons and planets, that, comparatively, nothing could be known in regard to the phenomena of the universe, were it not for the aid of this reasoning. Hence we find that man is capable of learning what was and what will be, from what exists. But, notwithstanding this crowning attribute, all cosmologists must, in the beginning, start without where to rest so much as the sole of their foot, and make the best of such a foundation. We claim no more.

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